

# Fountain Avenue

Albert Hammond

A witness, a call, the Fire Department, the Sheriff and a half  
dozen cars  
Talk back on the radios, flashing amber lights and sirens, on F  
ountain avenue  
On Fountain avenue

Swearing and wondering, the Schaefer ambulance screaming agains  
t the evening sky  
Pedestrians teeming from apartment blocks, a lady asks "What ha  
ppened? Who's to blame?  
Those motorbikes and their riders, you kids are all the same."

A car with a twisted grill, ooh, a bike thrown on its side  
A loaded driver suffers shock, and a boy has quietly died

And they put him in the Schaefer, and the Schaefer pulls away  
And another loaded driver wishes he hadn't gone out today  
On Fountain avenue